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An Excellent old song, called Bold Kenneth

[S.l.]

1795

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AN EXCELLENT OLD

SONG,

CALLED

Bold KENNETH.

To which is added

The MAID's Complaint for JOCKEY.



Entered according to Order, 1795.

BOLD KENNETH.

I WEIRD. I weird. hard hearted lord,
Thy fa ſhall ſoon be ſeen ;
Proud was the lily of the morn,
The eald froſt nipt or een.

Thou laughſt in ſcorn when puir men weep'd,
And ſtrack the lowly down ;
Sae ſall nae widow weep for thine,
When a their joys are gone.

This night ye drink the ſparkly wine,
I redd you drink your fill ;
The morrow's ſun ſhall drink your bluid,
Afore ye reach the hill.

I ſee the ſnaw-maned horſes ride,
Their glitt'ring ſwords they draw ;
Their ſwords tha ſhall nae glitter lang,
Till Kenneth's pride ſhall fa.

The black dog youl'd ; he ſaw the ſight
Nae man but I could ſee ;
High on fair Marg'rets breaſt her ſheet,
And deadly fix'd her ee.

Sae ſpak the ſeer; wild in his een
His frighted ſpirit gaz'd:
Pale were his cheeks, and ſtiff his hair
Like boary briſtles rais'd.

Loud, loud in Kenneth's lighted ha.
The ſang of joy was heard;
And mony a cup they fill'd again,
Afore the light appear'd.

War my ſon William now but here,
He wad na fail the pledge——
Wi that in at the door there ran
A ghouſty-looking page.

I ſaw them, Maſter, O! I ſaw,
Beneath the thorney brae.
Of black-mail'd warriours mony a rank;
Revenge! he cried, and gae.

The youth that bare Lord Kenneth's cup,
The ſaft ſmile on his cheek,
Frae his white hand let fa the drink,
Nor did the baldeſt ſpeak.

Sae have I ſeen the gray wing'd ſhaft
That ſtrak the nobleſt deer;
Aſtounded gaz'd the trembling herd,
Nor could they flee for fear.

Ride, ride, and bid Lord William come;
His fathers fair beſet.——

It was Lord Williams horſe that neigh'd;
I heard them bar the yate.

Welcome, my valiant ſon, he ſaid;
Or ſhould I welcome ſay,
In ſic an ill hour, when you come
To meet thy father's fae

Curs'd be that thought, bald William ſaid,
My father's faes are mine;
Lang has my breaſt frae Kenneth learn'd
Sic baby fear to tine.

O William! had we kent yeſtreen.——
Father, we ken it now;
Let women tell what they do wiſh.——
Syne three ſhrill blaſts he blew.

Fair Marg'ret lay on downy bed;
Yet was na ſound her reſt;
She waken'd wi Lord William's horn,
And down ſhe came in haſte.

What mean you Kenneth, by that blaſt?
I wiſh my dreams bode guid;
Upon a bed of lilies fair
I thought there rain'd red bluid.

My ſon! my ſon! may peace be there
Whar noble William ſtands.——
We are the lilies, anſwered he,
May their bluid wet our hands.

What means my William by ſic words?
Whaſe bluid would William ſpill?
I thought that horn had blawn in peace,
That wak'd the night ſae ſtill.

She luik'd, but nane durſt anſwer make,
Till gallant William ſaid,
Aft has my mother bade us joy,
Whan we to battle gade.

Again thy hands may work the plaid
For him that fought the beſt;
Again may I hing up my targe
Upon the pin to reſt.

But William never liv'd to flee;
Nor did his mother hear
A warriour cry on William's name,
that was na found for fear.

And if we fa, my gallant friends,
We ſhall na fa alane;
Some honeſt hand ſhall write our deeds
Upon the talleſt ſtane.——

Haſte, Kenneth, haſte; for in the field
The fire-ey'd Wather rides;
His men, that come ſae thrang wi haſte,
For ſlow delay he chides.

By Mary, we will meet him there,
The angry William cry'd;

Thy ſon will try his Lion-fae,
And you with Margaret bide.

No, on my faith, the ſword of youth
Thy father yet can wield,
If that I ſhrink frae fierceſt faes,
May babies mock my eild.

Then forth they ruſh'd, afore the yate
The warriours ſallied out:
Lord William ſmil'd upon their ranks;
They anſwer'd wi a ſhout

Gae rin, and ſay to Walter thus,
What ſeek thae warriours here!
Or why the din of fiery war
Aſtounds the peaceful ear?

Swaft ran the page. Thus Kenneth ſays,
What ſeek thae warriours here?
Or why the din of fiery war
Aſtounds the peaceful ear?

Gae tell thy maſter frae this arm
Mine anſwer will I gie;
Remind him of his tyrant deeds,
And bid him anſwer me.

Wha was't that ſlew my father dear?
That bar'd my caſtle-wa;
Why was't that bade wild ruin bruid
Whar pipes did glad the ha.

Nor half way had the meſſage ſped,
When their tough bows they drew;
But far attour the warriours heads
The ſhafts for anger flew.

Sae ever ſhute Lord Kenneth's faes,
The valiant William ſaid;
Wi this I war nae wi the wind.
And drew his glittering blade.

Below the arrow's arch they ruſh'd
Wi mony a ſhout, ſae faſt:
Beneath the rainbow the big clouds
Sae drives the roaring blaſt.

Bald Walter ſprang frae aff his ſteed,
And drave him o'er the lee;
Curs'd be the name of that baſe coward
That could but think to flee.

Firmly he ſet his manly foot,
And firm his targe he bare;
Never may Walter greet his friends,
If Kenneth's fee him mair.

Fair Margaret wi her maidens ſat
Within the painted wa:
She ſtarted at ilk breath of wind
That whiſtled thro' the ha.

Wha was't that gi'd yon cry below?——
Say, page, does ill betide?

Kenneth and William baith are ſlain ;
Mak haſte, mak haſte and ride.

Her maidens ſcriech'd ; but any ſpeech;
Nor wail of wae had ſhe :
She bow'd her head and ſair ſhe ſigh'd,
And cald Death clos'd her ee.

The MAID's COMPLAINT for JOCCEY.

LOVE did firſt my thoughts employ,
Returning day ſtill ſaw me bleſt
Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
Each night was crown'd with balmy reſt.

But now, alas! no longer gay,
I riſe to hail the chearful light,
I ſit and ſigh the live long day,
And paſs in tears the ſleepleſs night.

Come lovely Jockey, hither haſte,
Sure thou haſt long perceiv'd my mind,
I fear my words I vainly waſte,
Thou art cruel and unkind.

FINIS.

A LUGUBRIOUS OLD SONG.

The following quaint verses from an old book, entitled "The Seven Starrs of Witte," printed in 1647, will probably be new to many readers of this Journal. With the exception of the heading, I have modernised the spelling.

"*The Knaverie of the Worlde, sette forth in Homelie Verse, by Cornelius May.*"

"Ah me! throughout the world
Doth wickedness abound,
And, well I wot, on neither hand
Can honesty be found.

"The wisest man in Athens
About the city ran
With a lantern in the light of day,
To find an honest man;

"And when at night he sat him down
To reckon on his gains,
He only found—alack, poor man!—
His labour for his pains.

"And so thou now shalt find
All men of all degree
Striving as if their only trade
Were that of cheating thee.

"Thy friend will bid thee welcome;
His servants at thy call;—
The dearest friend he has on earth,
Till he has won thine all.

"He will play with thee at dice,
Till thy gold is in his hand;
He will meet thee at the tennis-court,
Till he win all thy land.

"The brother of thy youth,
When ye shared book and bed,
Would eat himself the sugar-plums,
And leave thee barley-bread;

"But, growing up to manhood,
His heart is colder grown:
Ask in thy need for barley-bread,
And he'll give thee a stone.

"The wife, whom thou dost bless,
Alack! she is thy curse;
A bachelor's an evil state,
But a married man's is worse.

"The lawyer, at his desk,
Good law will promise thee,
Until thy very last groat
Is given for his fee.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

Kenneth and William both are ſlain;
Make haſte, make haſte and ride.

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Nor wail of woe had ſhe:
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Alack! she is thy curse;
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But a married man's is worse.

"The lawyer, at his desk,
Good law will promise thee,
Until thy very last groat
Is given for his fee.

"Thy baker and thy brewer
Do wrong thee night and morn;
And thy miller he doth grind thee,
In grinding of thy corn.

"Thy goldsmith and thy jeweller
Are leagued in knavish sort;
And the ellwand of thy tailor
It is an inch too short.

"Thy cook hath made thy dish
From the offals of the shelf;
While fish and fowl and savoury herbs
Are served to himself.

"The valet thou dost trust—
Smooth-tongued and placid-faced—
Doth wear thy brilliants in his cap,
And thou wear'st his of paste.

"Alack! thou canst not find,
Of high or low degree,
In cot, or court, or cabinet,
A man of honesty:

"There is not in the world,
North, south, or east, or west,
Who would maintain the righteous cause
Against his interest.

"Ah me! it grieves me sore,
And I sorrow night and day,
To see how man's arch enemy
Doth lead his soul astray."

Healthy-minded folks generally find amusement in the grumblings of the habitually discontented, and there is certainly something very ludicrous in this glum and doleful catalogue of man's evil doings. The verses may be considered a sort of amplification of *honest* Jack Falstaff's emphatic dictum, "There's nothing but roguery in villanous man!"

BIBLIOPHILE.

(*Extracted from the Leamington Spa Courier, Jan. 20, 1872.*)

SCOTTISH BALLADS.

We understand that the Very Rev. W. Christie, M.A., Dean of the united diocese of Moray and Ross (Scotland), and Chaplain to His Grace the Duke of Richmond, K.G., is preparing for publication "Unpublished Traditional Ballad Airs, and Ballads," arranged from copies procured in the three north-eastern counties of Scotland, and harmonised for the pianoforte or harmonium. The work, which is dedicated by permission to the Duchess of Richmond, will consist of two volumes 4to., containing about 670 pages, and 306 airs, arranged with the words for singing, with illustrative and antiquarian notes and preface, appendix, glossary, and index. It has been the leisure hour work of sixty years; first, of the Dean's father, who died in 1849, and latterly of himself during the last thirty years.

The late G. Farquhar Graham, Esq., the decipherer of the Skene M.S., and writer of the article on Music in the 7th edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, &c., &c., one of the best judges of such matters in Scotland, after repeatedly examining the Dean's MS., came to the conclusion that the same amount of unpublished traditional Ballad Melody, properly arranged as Melodies from the different copies procured in the north eastern counties of Scotland, having *two* strains, or *one* strain and a *refrain*, and simply and correctly harmonized, had not been collected at any one time in Scotland during the last 150 years.

The Dean, we believe, has, in his leisure hours, examined much English, Irish, Celtic, and Scottish ballad melody, lest he might reproduce sets of airs that had been hitherto published. In two instances he has found finer copies of the airs than those given in Bunting's and Dr. Petrie's "Ancient Music of Ireland." In the first instance, "I am a poor rambling boy" (Bunting, II., p. 71), which has only *one strain*, the Dean has found the 1st strain sung in Aberdeenshire and the 2nd strain in Banffshire, to the ballad "Down in yon meadow, fresh and gay," three verses of which were *only* given by Johnson in his "Scots Musical Museum," p. 582, to a different air, taken from the singing of Mr Johnson's father. In the second instance, "The Winter's gone and past"—the Dean gives a more ancient set of the air on the pentatonic scale to "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," or "The Nut-Brown Bride,", sung from time immemorial in Buchan (Aberdeenshire), and two verses more of the ballad than Dr. Patrie found (vol. i., p. 170), enabling him to discover the origin of the ballad, which Dr. Patrie failed to discover. A more modern set of the air as sung in Banffshire to the "Winter's gone and past," is also given by the Dean, and has been much admired by musical connoisseurs.

During the last twelve months Dean Christie has gradually circulated, with private letter, a prospectus of his proposed publication among the nobility, landed proprietors, middle classes, &c. in Scotland, and at present has about 170 subscribers, including two copies of the work to be taken for the Royal Library. In the prospectus two pages (p.p. 94, 95, vol. i.) are given containing the air and ballad "Chil Ether," which, we believe is only an average specimen of the airs, beautiful as "Chil Ether" is.

The fact that the work will contain about 100 *unpublished* traditional ballads and songs, such as they are, and more than 270 *unpublished* traditional ballad melodies, makes it an interesting one. We commend the work to our musical friends. It is a labour of love to the author to thus preserve the "auld National Songs of Scotland," and we trust there will be those among us who will aid him in his good work, by adding their names to his list of subscribers.

Written by a Musical Connoisseur
I saw my MS. last Autumn and
hears to have appreciated the work. &c.

THE LITERARY INSTITUTE.—Last night, Mr R. M. Walker, choir-master of St George's Church, Glasgow, lectured in the Literary Institute, South Clerk Street, on "The Jacobite Minstrelsy of Scotland," with vocal illustrations. There was a very large attendance, the hall being quite filled. Mr Walker gave a sketch of the period at which the Jacobite minstrelsy originated, after which he spoke of the nature and quality of the minstrelsy. Springing as the minstrelsy did from the burning heart of a revolted nation, it was not to be wondered that the songs were marked with a spirit and pathos not to be found in those composed on ordinary occasions. These party songs had their positive value to us in one point of view, as they formed the embodiment of the history of the country during a period highly eventful, and they likewise furnished us with a key to the annals of many noble families who either were included in the ruin which overtook the house of Stuart or rose upon that ruin. Mr Walker then proceeded to give vocal illustrations to his lecture, dividing them into two parts—pieces that were composed during the revolution of 1688 and the rebellion of 1715, and those belonging to the period of '45. Among the pieces belonging to the former periods were the "Braes o' Killiecrankie, O'," "When the King comes o'er the Water," and "The Wee, Wee German Lairdie." The latter song was written about King George, the Elector of Hanover, who, to Jacobite ideas, was far beneath the position to which the nation had called him. Belonging to the period of '45 were some of the finest songs in the language, especially "Wha'll be King but Charlie" and "He's o'er the hills that I loe' weel," both compositions being from the pen of the Baroness Nairne. Mr Walker, who possesses a clear ringing tenor voice, combining power and depth, did ample justice to the fine pieces of music he selected to illustrate his lecture, and received the highest appreciation from the audience. The fine plaintive melody of "Flora Macdonald's Lament," the humorous march-song "Johnnie Cope," and "O'er the Water to Charlie," were all rendered with an amount of taste that showed how thoroughly Mr Walker understood and appreciated his subject. Mr Blaikie accompanied on the piano, and gave a selection of Scotch airs.

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JACOBITE FRAGMENTS.

THE following Nursery Song, which we have not seen in print, was found in a Volume of Miscellaneous Manuscript Papers in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates. It was written for the elder Pretender when an infant.

The Satirical Verses are also from the same MS. Collection.

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES WHILE A CHILD.

My dear cock-a-doodle, my life, and my joy,
My little sweet darling, my prettie young boy,
Before I doe rock thee with sweet Lillie-ba,
Come lend me thy sweet lips to play me with a'.

Thy prettie brow, forhead, thy eyes black as sloes,
Thy sweet dimpled chine, and thy strait Roman nose,
With some prettie marks that lye under thy cloaths,
Oh Lord, thou'rt a sweet thing, with a fa la la la.

To make ye grow quicker I'll doe what I can,
I'll wet ye, and strait ye, to make ye a man,
And all the brisk lassies, Keat, Beattie and Anne,
For thee will goe mad, with a fa la la la.

SATIRICAL VERSES ON THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.

Sweet Lammies,
Court Cammies,
Fool Tammies,
Lyk a theiffe.

Ill winners,
Subtile ginners,
First beginners
Of mischeiffe.

Belial's sons,
Who with your tones
And your groans
Cheate the people.

And lyk a mouse,
Still the pouse
Of every house
That hes a steeple.

Damned sprites,
Lyk hypocrites,
On the streets
Disappointed.

For the Lord's prayer
Ye don't care,
Nor doe ye spare
The Lord's anointed.

Ill wishers,
Stipen'd fishers,
Kirk pishers
At the wall.

Whig beasties,
Sathanes questies,
From your nesties
Soon be your fall.

Back byters,
Pulpit flyters
Kirk shyters
At the altar.

The deil send you,
But God mend you,
Or else end you
In a halter.

10*th June*, 1705.

When Truth and Justice umpires doe become,
The forger and false judge must then be dumb;
Since Justice now the umpire is become,
Hell's boldest aeques even at word must be dumb.

ON THE WHIG DISCOMFITURE AT DUNDEE.

Whether shall we goe and borrow
Some doggrel ryme to went our sorrow,
And girn and glour fra e'en to morrow
For oure defeate.
Now we are few and bin *in foro*,
And lost the heate.

We rul'd the roast, I had na doubt
We domineered and bauld it out;
Now we have gotten a devilish clout,
It makes us bleed.
Alas! it proves a hailesaile rout,
We're quyte dung dead.

For all our fierce confederacie
They beat us from the magistracie,
And brook our conspiracie
Whilke we hade caiked;
And when they saw that we turned saucie,
Than we was bauked.

The graceless curates and the Tories,
They tell out all our fained stories,
Calls us Abiram, Dathan, Cories,
And deils indeed.
I fear the godless, saulles Tories,
Gett up their head.

And then the gentlemen of Angus
Will ne'er rest till they o'ergang us,
As little will they care to hang us,
And maik us shrink;
And pray to God they do not hang us
Fan the're in drink.

For a' the wark we made and dune,
Fa e'er be out, wei'l ne'er be in;
We might, for a' that we have dune,
As wee misken'd it;
We may tak' up a rock and spin,
We winna mend it.

We ken fatt made the Tories bissie:
They took up with the royal hissie,
They hois'd her up to make her dissie,
Against us wapring;
In holie wrath we'll tak' our vissie,
Black be her aprin.

Well does she mynd the days of yore
Quhen we were high in place and power,
How that we spilt the blood and goare
Off Luckie Daddie;
Alas our mynds wer sprung before
That we were readdie.

Our good old cause begins to dwyne,
As it did once in forty-nine.
By change of state fools may devyne,
We sitt na sicker;
We've gottine water in our wyne,
And spoilt our liquor.

O fa will now look in to help;
Malignant tyicks begin to yelp
And yowl as they wer gaun to whelp;
We dare na sputter,
For fear we gett a devilish skelp,
And drie the gutter.